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The Savior's Voice.

I am the way, the truth, the light,
The Shepherd and the Vine;
I am the gift of God's own hand,
The Savior of mankind.
I left my home in yonder sphere,
Where angels love to dwell;
I labored in this earth so dear,
To keep your souls from hell.
With weary limbs I toiled on,
My Father's will to do;
I shed my blood and suffered much
That peace might be with you.
I stood the storm of sin and death;
I foiled the mighty sway;
I offer now the holy Word,
That points to endless day.
I leave my peace upon you now;
The Comforter I'll send,
To guide you in the truth and right,
And lead you to the end.
I leave the earth and take my flight,
Toward my Father's home;
I'll there prepare a place for you
Besides my Father's throne. G.

She Wanted Her Jewels.

Pompeii was an ancient city of Italy, located in the plain at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. It was one of the fashionable cities of its age, and great wealth had gathered there on account of its fame as an aristocratic commonwealth. The buildings were erected in gorgeous style, and supplied with every convenience that the inventive ingenuity of the age was able to supply. The people were no less tasty in their attire, and the richest robes and the most costly jewelry adorned the inhabitants, and transporting scenes pleased the desires of many hearts that doted upon sensual beauty. But those scenes of earthly entrancement did not always last: the overflowing scourge came upon them, and their refuge was disturbed. God stirred the fiery bowels of Vesuvius in Anno 78, and her belchings buried deep the grandeur, luxury and greatness of that monument of Roman civilization, where it remained undisturbed for more than sixteen hundred years. Within the last three hundred years the work of excavation has unfolded the remains of that treasure, and placed before us a living picture of the affairs of domestic and public life, of the worship of the gods and the entertainments of the arena, of architect, painting, and sculpture, and of all the appliances of earthly comfort and wealth, of life eighteen centuries ago. People were covered by the shower of ashes and stones without notice, and as they were engaged in work or in pursuit of pleasure thus they were found. Among the remains of the city a petrified woman was found. Instead of fleeing from the doomed city as soon as the danger was made known to her, she spent her time in gathering together her jewels to take them along. She saved neither her life nor her jewels. The heart was so set upon those adornments that it seemed impossible to break the spell and flee to a place of safety and preserve her life.

There are thousands who make errors as great as that woman did. When the Spirit of God warns them of approaching danger and destruction, they look with covetous eyes upon the earthly jewels with which they

have formed ties of attachment, and procrastinate until the wave of death washes them from the shore of time, and closes to them the avenue of escape forever.

Thousands more desire to carry their earthly jewels with them. They are not willing to adorn themselves with the virtues of the immortal company—love, simplicity, meekness, purity, patience and kindness—and run well to escape the scourge that shall punish the doers of iniquity, and consume the corruption that seed sown to the flesh shall bring forth at the harvest.

Thousands more gather together their jewels and seek the presence of Christ. The world they carry, and Christ they seek to carry in their hearts; but all are full. The mammon of unrighteousness leaves no place unoccupied, where he is established and every effort in the holy race yields discouragement, and no progress is made; the overflowing scourge sweeps over and they are buried, never to enter the portal that opens to untroubled bliss.

Men cannot serve God and Mammon; man cannot serve the world and the Savior; men cannot serve fashion and humility. Life and death will never unite; neither will sin and unrighteousness.

When the watchman upon the wall proclaims approaching danger and that the Vesuvius of iniquity is belching consuming fires, leave the jewels of sensual desires to their fate and flee to the region of safety. Lay by in the keeping of the Eternal One, the jewels of faith and godliness and establish the heart there, and at the end pleasing attire and surroundings of comfort will be your happy portion.—Ed.

A Seasonable Word.

One day as Felix Neff was walking in the city of Lausanne, he saw a man whom he took for one of his intimate friends. He ran up behind him, tapped him on the shoulder and asked, "What is the state of your soul, my friend?" The stranger turned; Neff perceived his mistake, apologized and went away.

A few years after a stranger came to Neff, saying he was greatly indebted to him. Neff did not recognize the man, and begged him to explain. The stranger replied, "Have you forgotten an unknown person whose shoulders you touched in the street in Lausanne, and asked, 'What is the state of your soul?' It was I, your question led me to serious reflection, and now I trust it will be well with my soul.—Ex.

The flower of meekness grows on a stem of grace.

He who communicates a spiritual impulse to human souls, does a diviner work than the builders of empires and temples made with hands.

The dullest street of the most prosaic tower has matter in it for more smiles, more tears, more intense excitement, than ever were written, in story, or sung in poem.

The Religious World.

The twenty-sixth general S. S. Convention of Ohio, will open at New Philadelphia, Tuesday evening, June 2, 1885, and close Thursday evening, June 4.

The practice of persons kissing the Bible when being sworn in as jurors and witnesses has been abolished by Judge Samuel Lumpkin, of the Northern circuit in Georgia.

A prayer-book was offered for a drink to a Lowell, Mass., saloon-keeper, recently by a man who stated that he was out of money and hadn't anything else that he could pawn. The offer was refused.

The *Christian Advocate* regards it as a "reasonable estimate" that more than forty thousand have professed conversion during the last three months and joined, or intend to join, the Methodist church.

The debate on the revised German Bible is waxing warm. Professors Luthardt and Kliefoth, two of the most influential among the conservative leaders in Germany, have raised their voices in protest against its adoption.

In Mr. Spurgeon's congregation, one evening, recently, forty-three prayer meetings were held at the same hour. The meeting-places were very widely distributed, in order to give every one an opportunity of attending one or the other of them. Notice was given by handbills distributed in the Tabernacle on the previous Sunday.

The orthodox Greek church of Russia, is also engaged in missionary work among the Japanese. Their missionaries report 7,000 converts, ninety churches, 277 chapels, thirteen priests, ninety-three traveling preachers, and one seminary, with forty-one pupils. Japan is the most promising of missionary fields; but the prospects are that its Christianity will be as variegated in its sectarianism as is that of America.

Arrangements are progressing to hold a congress of Christian denominations in Hartford, Connecticut, early in May. Dr. Joseph Anderson (Congregationalist), of Waterbury, Connecticut, is chairman of the committee, and the Rev. W. Wilberforce Newton, of Pittsfield, (Episcopalian), is secretary. All Christian denominations, it is expected, will be represented and eminent clergymen and laymen will participate in the deliberations and discussions. The range of representatives includes the whole country.

Trans-Missouri Flashes.

"Winter lingers in the lap of spring" out here in the West.

Did you ever pray for that brother or sister or friend, you are talking so much about?

Ignorance begets pride; arrogance, bigotry; superstition, intolerance, cruelty and moral depravity in general.

Men are equals as heirs of salvation. Are we recognizing that principle in our ministerial ef-

forts? Are we preaching to the low, the middle-class and the high?

Whenever you meet with a man who seems all-knowing in his own imagination, you can safely conclude that he is very ignorant.

"Worship God."

To know that we are ignorant is knowing a good deal, and yet it is very easy to know.

In the loss of brother Ephraim Shuck, of Lawrence, Kansas, the church has lost an efficient minister. May God bless the bereaved family, and may his mantle fall upon some one worthy to wear it.

Obeys the Gospel.

The German Baptists are very unfair to claim the name of Brethren for their church name. If they don't see it in that light let them inaugurate some of their numerous lawsuits in that name.

There should be more sympathy for the poor. If every rich man was compelled to pass through a spell of extreme poverty, there would be.

Love God.

If sarcastic splash-dash was argument, Ingersoll would have demolished the Bible long ago.

Let dignified decorum possess you in controversy and in everything else.

Thomas Fuller, an ancient English writer, defined policy to consist in "serving God in such a manner as not to offend the devil."

"Here I am, send me."—Jeremiah; and yet some people say it is a bad spirit to like to preach.

No man or woman should be set apart to preach, who has neither gift nor capacity for it.

Some people seem hard run for argument out here in the West. Slandering their superiors seems to be about all the argument they are able to muster.

"When, O when?"

It is religious prostitution to preach only for pay.

The strength of the Church lies not in the oratory of the pulpit, but in the oratory of the closet.

Witticism is not logic.

The stern realities of Christian life should rather be courted than avoided, for

"No cross, no crown."

To the writer and reader the following stanza appeals:

"There is a crown for every one;
There is a crown for me."

W. J. H. BAUMAN.

Morrill, Kans.

Dakota.

In compliance with former promises I take the liberty of saying a few words about north-central Dakota. Having now experienced the complete round of the four seasons I can write more intelligently than heretofore.

I am aware of considerable prejudice against this country, but am so well aware that it exists wholly in persons that know nothing whatever experimentally relative to Dakota, that I pity and censure their weakness.

A great many imagine that

we came here because we liked Dakota better than Ohio. Such is not the case, but because we can get a home here instead of toiling a lifetime a serf to wealthy men there.

While it costs \$12,000.00 to purchase a quarter section of land there, it costs about \$18.00 here, and after three years hard work a quarter section here will net about as many dollars per annum as one in most parts of Ohio.

It is about as windy here as in Iowa and Ill., and last winter it was about as cold, without nearly as much snow. Last season, from May until August, we averaged about two good showers of rain per week, and all kinds of cereals and root-crops were an immense crop. We have no rain in winter and no mud at anytime during the year. Mosquitos are bad in summer. Winters are cold but the air is dry and the chronic chilliness of Ohio is unknown. Personally I would prefer to pass a winter here rather than in the east, and such is the general verdict among my neighbors. I am not writing this to induce any one to come here, but to fulfill my promise, and all who prefer to remain there indefinitely, have my consent to do so. Water in general is good and wells vary from thirty to ninety feet in depth. Much of the well water is pure and soft. Alkali is very scarce in this country. Stock does very well but should be sheltered in winter.

Society is about as good as the best about Ashland. We like the country, climate, people, and future prospects, and care very little whether non-residents coincide with our preference or not.

Dakota gave us homes when we were homeless, Ohio would not; therefore we love Dakota. Of course this may provoke a sneer or smile from those who have made homes there—through inheritance.

There are about twenty members living in this vicinity, and in a few weeks we intend to commence holding regular religious services in our new school-house. Our community is a cultured one. Almost any of the ladies can play the organ, and we have no less than about a dozen ex-teachers and ex-professors of Colleges living within a radius of three miles of Williamsport.

Those who imagine we are living among heathens, would be surprised to meet a congregation of our neighbors. For doing good works and enjoying good society, there is no better field anywhere. Indians are numerous within thirty miles, and thousands of deer roam within twenty miles of us, yet the vast prairies hereabouts are tenanted with a contented and happy population. All agree that freedom and homes with a few climatic eccentricities are preferable to a serfdom anywhere else. This is a progressive country, with homes to spare for thousands yet to come. J. H. WORST.

Williamsport, Dak.